

One Spring Morning.

By Sarah C. Carey.

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After a winter's illness I was recuperating among the hills of Vermont. It was the month of April. My friend, Nettie Perkins, and I were out watching an ice jam on the Connecticut, wandering down the river bank as far as the railroad bridge. Here the huge jam had piled about the piers until there was only a narrow channel left through which the swollen current swirled and seethed in a manner that fascinated while it appalled.

As I stood there spellbound by the scene before me—all other sound deadened by the crash and boom of the great cakes as they packed and settled—Nettie shouted in my ear: "Let's cross to the other side and call on Miss Martha Race."

"And who may Miss Martha Race be?" I asked half-heartedly, for I was loath to go calling on a glorious spring morning, with so much attraction out of doors.

"Oh, she is a dear old soul who had a romance in her youth and has lived alone in the old home ever since. She amuses herself by indulging in fads. Painting portraits is her latest one. See, that is her house, the last of those three," indicating with a wave of her hand three large colonial houses on the opposite side of the river.

Of course Miss Perkins had her way, and after consulting the watchman of the bridge concerning trains, we crossed and climbed the bank to the "House of Martha." We entered the old-fashioned garden at the rear and picked our way over little patches of snow through which dead stalks of hollyhock and dahlias appeared in a tangled mass.

"All this belongs to the Race estate," Miss Perkins explained, as we followed the uneven brick walk round to the front door. "The other two houses are occupied by strangers now, as Miss



Miss Martha Entered.

Martha is the only one left of the old family. That plateau on the other side of the road is called 'David Race's plain,' and the church at the far end of it was built and supported by Races for nearly a century." At this point in Race history Miss Perkins lifted the heavy brass knocker.

We were ushered in by a maid, whose appearance was strangely in keeping with a bygone age, to Miss Martha's presence. She was a quaint little lady whose transparent beauty and eighty years reminded one of a delicate piece of old china. Her soft gray eyes lighted for a moment as she bade us welcome, then settled again to an expression of quiet resignation.

At Nettie's suggestion I remained to rest while she accompanied Miss Martha to the studio to see some of her latest paintings, an arrangement which suited me perfectly, as I was a bit weary after my long walk and its attendant excitement, and—yes, I must admit it—I wanted to study my quaint surroundings.

The morning sunlight flooded the big square room. From the deep-seated window I had an unobstructed view of David Race's plain and the low white church gleaming in the distance. Appledwood logs smoldering in the wide fireplace gave out a pleasant, aromatic odor. The floor was covered with braided rugs, the gay coloring of which suggested the depletion of colonial wardrobes. Among the oil portraits of dead and gone Races I noticed here and there a face whose grotesque lines suggested a pathetic attempt at family resemblance. I judged these to be the work of Miss Martha. Over the mantel was a likeness of a young man whose keen brown eyes seemed to look out on a world of hope toward the fulfillment of years. I speculated upon his relationship, if any, to Miss Martha, and wondered why he was given this place of prominence among his elders.

I drew a chair in front of the fire and, sinking into its luxurious depths, gave myself up to the spell of my surroundings. A big yellow cat uncurled itself from the hassock at my feet and took possession of my lap, purring

loudly in response to my gentle stroking.

"What a haven of rest and peace!" I thought. No noise of a turbulent river, no booming of ice jams penetrated here. Here was only the soft glow of the spring morning, the sizzling of the appledwood logs, and the somnolent tick-tock of the tall clock on the stair landing throbbing through the pungent fragrance.

A rustle of soft silk and murmur of young voices mingled with laughter comes out of the stillness. The rooms are thronging with a gay party. Livered servants stand at attention in the halls and doorways. Low carriages drawn by glossy-coated steeds are taking the guests to the white church at the far end of the plain. I search the moving throng for a familiar face, or someone to tell me the meaning of it all. Six young girls, all dressed alike, laughingly trip down the stairs and are ushered to the waiting carriages.

At last the mystery is solved! It is a wedding, and "here comes the bride." 'Tis Martha Race, her mistle-like veil floating about her. The bloom of youth is on her cheeks. The light of love is shining in her soft gray eyes. Awaiting her in the hall below is the bridegroom, the originator of the picture over the mantel.

The scene changes. I am in the church. A fluttering among the guests tells me the bridal party is arriving. The wedding march is sounding and the bridesmaids are advancing. But how slowly! Will the bride ever reach the chancel! And where is the bridegroom, who should be awaiting her? Suddenly the labored march ceases—

The yellow cat had bounded to the floor and Nettie was calling from the doorway: "Miss Martha, look here!"

I roused myself, chagrined at being caught literally napping.

"Nettie," I said, "tell me, who is this?" indicating the portrait over the mantel.

She cast a quick glance over her shoulder before whispering: "That was Miss Martha's fiance. He was stricken on the morning of their wedding, and died before reaching the church."

A light step sounded behind her, and Miss Martha entered—Miss Martha of the ethereal beauty and the eighty years.

OF THE "APPLE OF DISCORD"

Ancient Fable That is Probably the Most Interesting to Be Found in Classic History.

The story of the "Apple of Discord" forms one of the most interesting narratives of ancient fable. It is related, the Detroit News observes, that Ate, the goddess of Discord, was not invited to the marriage of Thetis and Peleus, and, becoming enraged at her exclusion, determined to break up the festivities. Accordingly, she happened by when the merrymaking was at its height and tossed an apple into the midst of the gods and goddesses who were assembled. The apple bore the inscription, "To the fairest," and was at once claimed by Juno, Venus and Minerva.

Paris, the son of King Priam of Troy, was appointed judge to determine who should receive the apple. The three goddesses interviewed him privately, each offering a bribe; Juno promised a kingdom, Minerva military glory, but Venus won him to her side by promising that the most beautiful woman in the world should be his wife. He gave the prize to Venus. Unfortunately, the fairest living lady was Helen, already married to King Menelaus of Sparta, but Venus instructed Paris to "go and get her." He did so, and the indignation following this abduction caused the Greeks to coalesce and attack Troy, bringing on the ten years' Trojan war.

Do Animals Reason?

My old-timer up in Alaska, prospecting, also makes me happy once in a while with some first-hand natural history, according to the writer of "Out of Doors" in the Saturday Evening Post. He says: "I have seen an article about animals—say, dogs and bears—having reasoning power. That is nothing new to me, for I have had plenty of time to study dogs, and if they can't reason they ought to be killed, for they are worthless. I have two sledge dogs, half-wolf, and it is wonderful what they will do. I have seen my leader locate a trail with six feet of snow drifted over it, and do many other things that would make an ordinary man guess. I have traveled 2,800 miles over my trap lines in the last winter and have never seen them pass a trap or a snare yet. They always know where the next set is—and find it, although it would be lost if they would go a few feet farther down the trail. As to bears, they will find the weakest place in the cache quicker than a man would—they always find the easiest place to break in. I find it also very interesting to watch my foxes."

Finder of the Yellowstone.

John Colter, discoverer of Yellowstone National park, guided his steps to the Teton peaks in Wyoming in 1807, and the Astoria expedition halted the peaks with relief while floundering through the wilderness in 1811.

No Variety.

"Ah!" sighed the incubator egg as it looked about at the level sea of other ovals about it, "from one layer to another!"—Retail Ledger, Philadelphia.

STUDENT ENDORSES ENLARGEMENT PROGRAM FOR STATE COLLEGE.

Editor of the Democratic Watchman:

As a student of Pennsylvania State College I wish to call your attention to certain conditions existing there. I am one of about 3,200 young men and women now receiving instruction at the expense of the State. Everything is fine for those lucky enough to get in, but we haven't got enough room up at Penn State for all who wish to enter. Last year about 1,000 boys and girls, who had high school certificates, endorsements of their principals and a lot of ambition, sent in their applications and were refused for lack of accommodation. If Penn State can't care for all of the young people qualified to take its courses some remedy ought to be found.

Just before I came home from school I found out that every State west of Pennsylvania has a State university and enough money for teaching and buildings to take in everybody. And we call ourselves the richest State. I'm beginning to wonder about that.

The college authorities are starting a campaign in the fall to get \$2,000,000 for buildings that simply must be put up. The alumni, the faculty and students have all voted in favor of this emergency work, and they're getting behind it strong. So are the parents of students. They've formed an association to help. We want some more residences for the men and women, we want a hospital, we want physical education buildings and a union building for the students. We've got the endorsement of scores of industrial, farming and business organizations and many prominent individuals. These people have been up to State College and have seen what is being done for the young men and women and they have been looking over the work in studying practical problems of the people on the farms and in the factories.

Of course, everybody in the State can't see State College, but I want to tell these facts to as many people as read your paper.

Very sincerely,

W. H. PAYNE.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL DEVELOPMENT.

A striking evidence of how effectively education is functioning in Pennsylvania is furnished by the Department of Public Instruction through the report of the director of junior high schools. The development of these schools has been rather remarkable and shows that in the field, as in so many others, Pennsylvania is leading the way. The report shows that there are 53 such schools in successful operation with an attendance of 30,935 divided as follows:

District	No.	No. of Students
City	25	26,099
Borough	13	2,750
Rural	14	1,785

In addition 54 schools are in process of organization and will be opened next year under the following distribution:

District	No.	No. of Students
City	12	16,509
Borough	21	6,675
Rural	21	3,755

From these figures it will be seen that next year there will be 37 junior high schools in operation in cities, 34 in boroughs and 35 in rural communities, having a total enrollment of about 60,000.

A most interesting feature of this report is the fact that the rural communities have more schools than the boroughs and almost as many as the cities. The report further states that the broader field of experience which these schools provide is keeping a larger number of girls and boys in school. In districts where records have been kept, officials report that 35 to 40 per cent. more students have continued in attendance through the agency of the junior high school.

Among the distinctive activities generally prevailing in these schools are student government and club organizations. Unique features, evidence of initiative and modern pedagogical practice are found in almost all.

The ideal of the Department of Public Instruction is the 6-3-3 plan. That it is making rapid advances is seen in the numerous building programs now in operation throughout the State. Of the bond issue carried at the recent election nearly all had provision for junior high schools.

WHY THE NAME "MOONSHINE."

America calls the liquor illicitly distilled, especially in the Allegheny mountains, "moonshine." The apparent reason is that it is believed to be distilled at night and secretly transported without payment of a tax or the authority of official permit. The fact is, of course, that the secret stills work as hard in day as at night.

England used the word in similar manner, though not in the same sense. Over there moonshine is liquor that has been smuggled into the country without payment of a tax. The smuggling is usually done by small boats from the continent, that land at lonely shores at night, and the cargo is unloaded by the light of the moon. It was this that gave the liquor its generic name.

American moonshine is raw, unaged and often uncolored spirits. British moonshine may be the finest brandy from France, the choicest rum from Jamaica. In the British Isles, especially Ireland, the popular name for home-distilled spirits is "mountain dew," because it is in the hills that it is made, far from the prying eyes of the excise man.

"The Watchman" gives all the news while it is news.

Nocturnal Shaves.

Ralph A. Day, the New York prohibition director, said at a luncheon: "Prohibition would be more real and genuine if our New York hotel men were like the Vermonters. They are

not exactly like him, I'm afraid. The Vermonters ran a hotel, and he ran it on temperance lines, too. Well, this temperate Vermonters saw a waiter of his one Saturday night after the movies had closed, hurrying upstairs with a tray full of jugs of hot water.

"What's all that hot water for," he asked the waiter suspiciously. "For shavin', sir," said the waiter. "Practically every guest in the house has ordered a jug of shavin' water, sir."

"Wait a bit, then," said the hotel man, "till I put a piece of shaving soap in each of the jugs." "After that nobody seemed to want any more nocturnal shaves in the good Vermonters' hotel."—Unidentified.

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